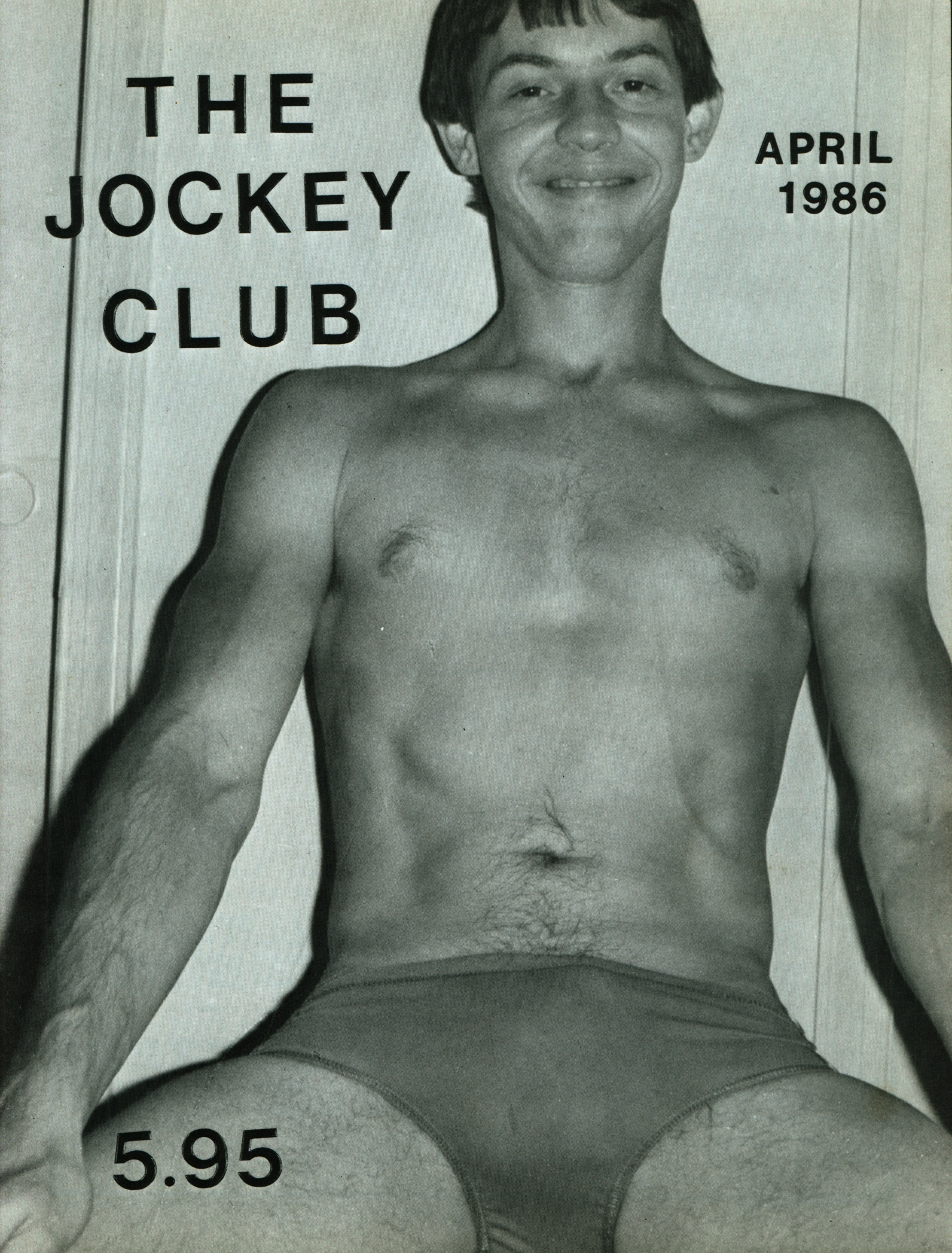
THE
JOCKEY
CLUB
APRIL
1986
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EDDY

ROY

MIKE JR.

THE SWIMTRUNK ISSUE

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THE JOCKEY CLUB
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

It's time to buy your swim trunks for summer. So, your Jockey Club is dedicating this issue to the smallest garment you can wear in public without getting arrested. Specifically, bikinis and speedos that show-off bulging baskets. Seeing those muscular studs on the beach clearly displaying their cocks and balls can make you burst through your own trunks. Cutting the supporter or liner out of your trunks will get you a few more glances, too. So, strip down to your tightest bikini, run your fingertips gently over your balls and the outline of your cock. Turn to the photos of Roy, Eddie and Mike Junior and see how fast you are straining and staining the thin material of your suit.

You'll notice that Jan Michaels is no longer the publisher of JOCKEY CLUB MAGAZINE and that I have replaced him in that capacity. This is because we are expanding our operations and Jan is moving to Amsterdam to publish the European version of JOCKEY CLUB MAGAZINE called EUROJOCK. Bill Jorgensen has been hired as editor of JOCKEY CLUB MAGAZINE. We welcome him.

Some readers have been confused about The Jockey Club and Joint Venture. Joint Venture owns Jockey Club Magazine. And, along with my partner of many years, I own Joint Venture. We started Joint Venture many years ago to distribute my telecommunications software and computer devices. Somewhere along the way, Joint Venture produced some erotic gay videos and supplied stories to computer bulletin board services. Now we are mainly producing videos and The Jockey Club.

David White

GI STRIP
BY
VINCENT CARR

Troy, Craig and Jerry first met in the New York Hotel Lobby, They were waiting in line to get a room. They were strangers to one another but, seeing each other wearing military uniforms, they started to talk Jerry, the dark-haired sailor suggested the trio get one room and save money. Craig, the tall, black-haired marine was the first to agree. Troy, the third of the trio wore Air Force blues. He had blond curly hair hanging from under his hat. He was the shortest of the trio. He agreed, too.

After three days of sightseeing, partying and fun, the three young servicemen spent their last evening together in their hotel room. They were all nearly broke. Craig played solitare while the other two drank a beer and looked on. Craig suggested they play poker but, being nearly broke, Jerry suggested strip poker. Troy and Craig laughed the idea off. But, after a few minutes of joking, Craig began dealing the first hand. They were still in the uniforms they had worn that day.

"Fuck!" Craig said as he stripped his tie off.

After several hands and several more bottles of beer, all three were stripped to just their trousers. Each young man had piled his clothing neatly beside his chair. As Craig dealt the cards, the trio smoked a joint. They talked about how horny they were and lied about fucking their girls.

Troy lost the hand. As the marine and sailor looked on, he stood up and opened his blue trousers letting them fall to the floor. He wore tight white briefs which bulged fully in the front. He had a semi-hard-on that didn't go unnoticed by the other two servicemen. Craig, the marine, was next to lose his pants. The brief-clad airman and the sailor watched as he revealed his olive drab boxer shorts. They fit tight and his cock was straining against the material. The next hand found the sailor loosening his pants. Jerry was embarrassed to strip his pants for his cock was fully hard. But, as he revealed his underwear, Craig let out a low whistle. Jerry was wearing a white, nylon jockstrap. His cock was so hard that it pushed the pouch far out from his flat muscular stomach. His prick was clearly outlined. The airman and marine could see the crown of his cock pressing hard for release. At the tip was a small wet spot. Troy said,"Wow! That boy isn't just hard...He's hot!"

"Sure is! And I'm getting hard too,"said Craig, stroking his cock through his boxers. "It must be the pot that's getting us hard."

"Yea, I'm about to cream this jock, I'm so horny." Jerry squeezed his rockhard club sized prick as he spoke.

"Looks like this is going to turn into a jack-off party"

"Maybe it will be more than that if you two are sports," the marine said. "Have you guys ever played with your buddies?"

"Well, I don't know what you have in mind, Craig," the airman said.

Jerry, still feeling his cock through his jock told his buddies about getting a great blowjob from a fellow sailor and how great it felt.

Craig dealt the cards again and Troy was the first to have to skin down his last garment. As he stood, the other two boys looked straight at his prick bulge in his tight briefs. He slipped his thumbs into the waistband and slowly skinned them down over his ass and down his thighs. But his cock was so hard that he had to pull the elastic covering his manshaft as far out from him as possible. It snapped up hard against his stomach with a loud slap! His buddies stared in delight at his naked prickmeat. It was seven inches of hard throbbing cut dick! the head of airman's cock dripped with his obvious excitement.

"Look at that fuckin' wet prick!" Craig said. "He's oozing precum juice out of his piss slit. Squeeze that rod while Jerry and I play the game out to see who's going be the leader!" Troy began to openly jack off in front of his new military buddies. He was so hot that he knew he had to cum. He watched as Jerry, the sailor lost the last hand. He stood and grabbed the waistband of his strained bulging jockstrap. It fit so tight the leg bands cut into his muscular butt.

"Wait, Jerry! I won the game so I give the orders. You gotta do what I say or I'll spank your asses!"

He made both men stand facing each other. Their hard cocks touched one another. Troy's dripping piss hole gushed more prefuck jism helping to give Jerry's jockstrap a thorough male sex juicing. Craig forced Troy to grope Jerry's jockpouch and then made him strip Jerry. Troy pulled the jock down to reveal Jerry's huge cock. It was uncut, hot ready to squirt.

The marine made them both get on their knees and skin his boxers down the two naked servicemen were fully in the game now, wanting to cum with each other. They wanted to reach out and touch each other's naked cocks and low-hanging balls. They wanted to have hot mansex.

The marine's cock was their targeted interest, now. They stripped down his boxers and the marine forced them to handle his cock and balls. Soon their hands were wet with his prick drippings, sending a thrill of excitement through each of them. Their precum juices intermingled. Craig ordered them to suck off his cock the marine felt each of the men's tongues as they traveled up and down the length of his cock. They licked at his balls and it was evident that they were loving it. Their heads bumped together as each of them fought for his prickhead and the nectar that he was so freely flowing. Back and forth, up and down they went. Both men so eager to please the marine and themselves. They jacked on each other's cocks while they sucked and licked the marine.

He ordered them to form a daisy chain on the floor. He said he wanted to taste some cockmeat, too

"Okay, men! For the first cum of the night, we're all gonna squirt out top cream into each other's mouths. Jerry, and I want your prick and Troy & I want to ram our

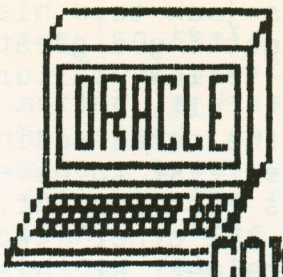
cocks all the way down your fuckin' throat!"

Soon, all three men had cocks in their mouths giving them each a great tongue whipping.

Jerry felt Troy's cock stiffen and throb in his mouth and suddenly felt and tasted white, hot cum blasting into his mouth. He swallowed as fast as he could to catch all of Troy's jism. The taste of Troy's cum was all that it really took to put him over the edge and he erupted in great spasms of ecstacy into the marine's throat. Load after load shot just as the marine shot into Troy's mouth. The three servicemen writhed as they shot their jism loads into each other's throats.

As their spasms subsided, they sucked every drop of precious cum out of their sucking buddies' cocks.

THE END



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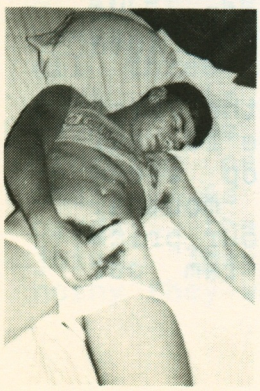

MANCO is a studio devoted to the erotic possibilities of jockstraps, underwear, and gym gear. We bring you swimmers stripping, football players getting off, and guys at home acting out their private fantasies. If you ever watched the guy next door strip to his shorts getting ready for bed and were teased beyond ordinary lust—we will show you what happens after the shades are down and the shorts come off. Hundreds of photo sets are available on many different guys and now two hot videos! Each video is approximately 90 min. with 4 hot guys using, abusing and playing with gym gear or underwear.

Video #5.....$55.00

SOLOS—Watch four hot guys as they strip and then play with underwear, jockstraps, and themselves 'til they shoot hot loads of cum. Mark, a hot Marine; Jeffery, a tall 6'5"; Cliff, a hot 18 year old blond; and Adam, a smiling solid hunk. 2 hours long.

Video #6.....$55.00

DUOS—Mark is a hot Marine and Wes is his cute roommate. Watch them as they tease each other, pose and strip for each other, and then "get it on." Rob and Ray are lovers and that is what is striking about this segment. Their love comes across strong as they strip and then bring each other off. 2 hours long.

Video Info Only.....$1.00
Postage for Each Video.....$3.50
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Photo Set Info Only.....$4.00

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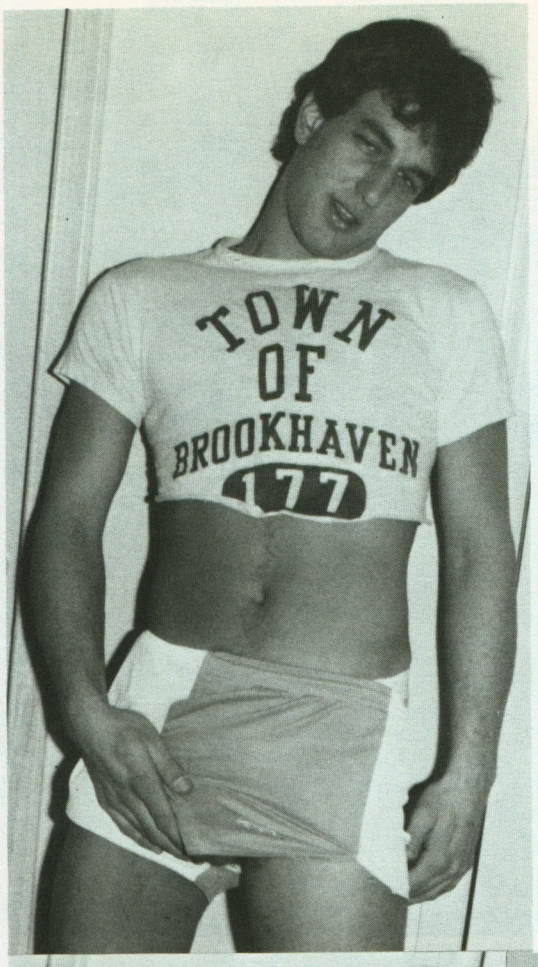
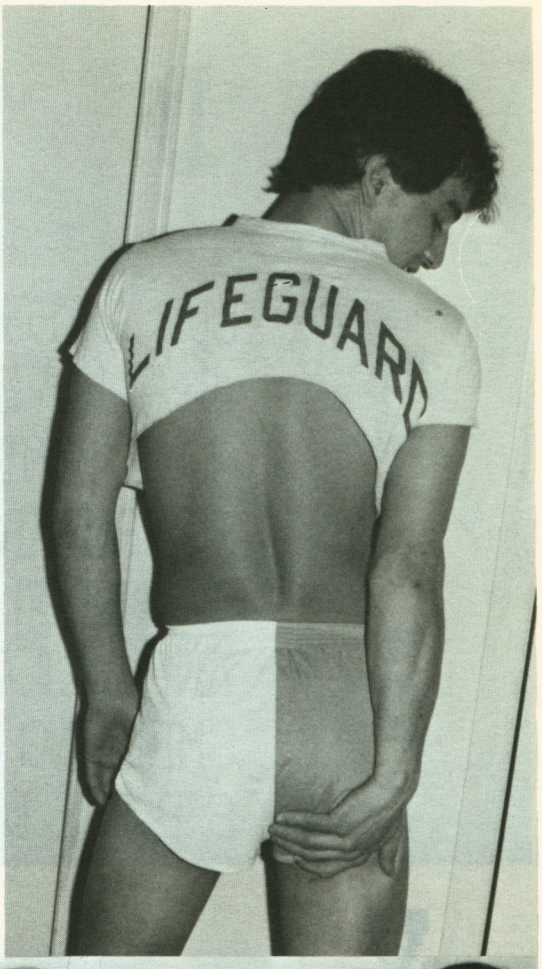


JOCK-
LOVIN'

JOCK-
SNIFFIN'

JOCK-
EATIN'

LIFE-
GUARD



Photos by MANCO

E D D Y :

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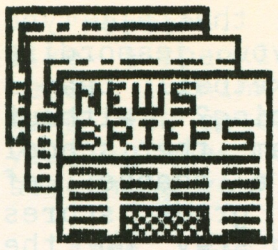
Y

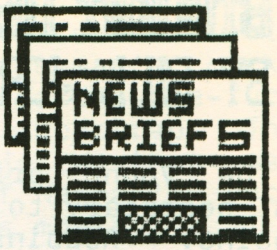
OUR LIFEGUARD JUST LOVES TO COME HOME AND SQUIRM AROUND ON THE FLOOR... AND GET OFF SMELLING HIS SPEEDOS !!

SO FRESH SO FIRM SO FULL

A CROTCH WATCHER'S DELIGHT



JOCKEY CLUB REPORTS



Rumor has it that Calvin Klein is changing its line of underwear and may drop the popular low-rise white cotton briefs. Their original advertising campaign for the white briefs was the most successful in ad agency history With a budget of only $50,000 Calvin Klein basic white briefs became very popular. But, in the last couple of years the cost for a pair of briefs has risen to $5.00. The price is competitive only with Jockey International. Fruit of the Loom still cost less than $2.50 and maintains steady sales.

The erotic video history of the jockstrap, called JOCKSTAPE is in production. The editor tells us that it will not be complete until mid April.

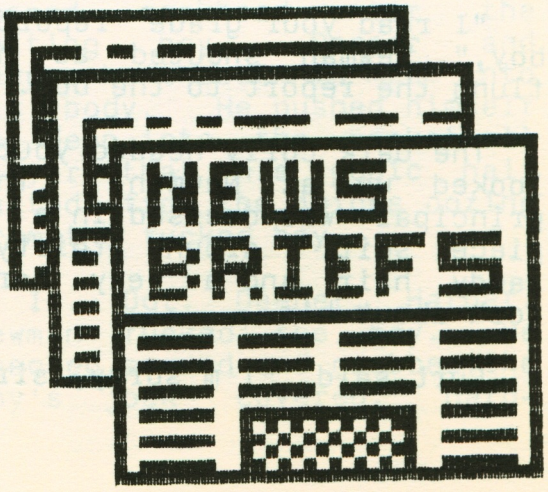
For those of you who enjoy watching a stud eating a dinner of packed speedos, don't miss the final scene from the new video GETTING OFF CAMPUS. Another very hot white swimsuit eating scene can be found in Nova's BEACHED. The video contains two different scenes where guys suck each other's hard cocks right through their stretched speedos. Prolonged close-ups make BEACHED one hell of a hot feast.

TWO HANDSFULL has the very best white cotton brief scene to hit the major market. The scene was written by a JOCKEY CLUB subscriber for Director John Summers.

Subscribers who have ordered Computer matching services will find there matches and percentage rates enclosed with this issue. The response has been great. It is interesting to note that of the 163 questionnaires matched, 44% of you were mainly interested in jockstraps and 44% was into white cotton briefs. The remaining 12% were into swimwear, bikinis and boxer shorts.

Our Jockey Club phone numbers are changed to 800 numbers. Outside of California, call (800) 582-5497 and in of California call (800) 247-0970. You can subscribe to JOCKEY CLUB or order any products through these numbers. If you have any inquiries (Where the hell is my order?????), please call us.

Do you like telephone jack off sessions? Apparently, a lot of you do. Jockey Club is considering instituting the service for our subscribers. If you are interested write to us. If response is great enough we'll have a jockstrap line and a white cotton brief line. The proposed service will operate in the evenings only and will work on a call-back basis.



STUDENT DISCIPLINE
BY BILL JORGENSEN

The young principal told his secretary to send in Curt Robbins. Robbins grades were getting too low to stay on the basketball team. He was on the first string and the school was at the top of the league. The secretary reported to Mr. Newman that Robbins was at practice in the gym. Newman walked toward the gym noting how everything was spotless throughout the military boarding school.

Entering the gym, he looked over the twenty or so boys performing set-ups. He walked to where the coach was standing and shouting instructions to the boys. He told the coach, Jerry Brett, that he needed to talk to Robbins. The coach called for Robbins and instructed him to follow Mr Newman to the coach's room.

Robbins was wearing only white gym shorts, shoes and high sox as Newman lead him down the stairs, through the gym and into the coach's office. The tall athlete entered first. Newman turned to lock the door. He turned back toward Robbins.

"I read your grade report, boy," Newman shouted as he flung the report to the boy.

The dark curly headed youth looked up at Newman. The principal was dressed in a 3 piece suit, around thirty, sandy hair and a sexy hard look about him.

Curt said, "I'm sorry, sir, I'll try harder."

Harderd? Is that all you can say when you jeapordize your school basketball team's chances of winning? Without you on the team the school doesn't have a chance of winning. Your grade scores are too low to stay on the team.

"But, I'll do better."

"You can't go unpunished for this. You better get ready for a hard spanking just to remind you that you ;better get these grades higher!"

Newman grabbed young Curt and flung him across his lap. Curt struggled for a minute but Newman subdued him. Smack! Smack! Was heard as Newman began warming Curt's buns. Curt made no sound. Smack! Smack! Smack!

"So you don't cry, kid. Well this will make you cry," Newman said pulling the boy's trunks down and began smacking the boy's ass cheeks until they were beet red. He could feel the heat from the kid's burning ass. But, still not a sound from Curt. "You're not yelling, kid. What's wrong with you. Stand up!"

Curt stood and faced the principal. His jockstrap pouch was tented straight out facing the man. The pouch was cotton and soaked at the point of his cockhead with his young precum juices.

Newman looked at the jockpouch bulging toward his face. Curt noticed that a smile came across his lips. Newman's tongue slipped out of his mouth and licked his lips. He looked up at Curt.

"Robbins, it looks to me like a spanking isn't all you need. I think the only way to make you remember to work on your grades is to give you something you'll never forget.

"Yes, sir! you are right, sir," Curt answered. You should administer any means you can to make me remember."

Curt watched as the man stripped. When he wearing only his suit pants, he ordered Curt to help him. "Get over here, boy! Help me with my fly. I think the only kind of spanking you'll remember is one from the inside. I know how to teach a boy like you"

Curt dropped to his knees and unfastened the principal's belt buckle. He unbuttoned the top pants button and unzipped the fly. Newman's cock jutted out through the fly of his boxer shorts and aimed right at Curt's mouth. Curt looked up iinto Newman's eyes. He said,"you are going to fuck me, aren't you?"

"You got that straight!" Newman replied. "I'm going to slam a fuck into your ass that you'll never forget. Now, lick my rod and get it real wet for you asshole, kid!"

Curt was scared. He had never been fucked in his eighteen years. He'd sucked cock a couple of weeks ago for the first time. It was with his room-mate sucked him, too. They came all over each other's faces. Curt had wanted to do it again sooner but they hadn't had the opportunity. Now, here he was sucking on the prin;cipal's cock. Preparing it to fuck his virgin ass. Curt was hot, as he sucked Newman's cock. His own cock leaked pre-fuck juice into his jockstrap. The same kind of juice that was oozing out of Newman's cock and into Curt's mouth.

Curt had a feeling come over him that he had never felt before. A feeling that rooted itself deep within his guts. He felt his asshole begin to pucker as he sucked the prick that was going to fuck it. He was so sexually excited, he was afraid he'd shoot off in his jock.

He licked every crevice and ridge of Newman's cock. Curt licked deep into the piss slit tasting the lube ozzing from Newman. "That's enough, cocksucker!" Newman shouted. "Bend over the coach's desk. Grab the far edge of it with your hands. Newman started beating his cock against Curt's ass. Pre-cum juice mixed with saliva dripped from the end of his rod. Newman pointed the tip against Curt's pink asshole and began caressing the lips of the boy's fuckhole with the lips of his pisshole. As he rubbed his dick against Curt's fuckspot, he felt curt jacking against his rod. He oozed more juice over the bunghole till he felt his mushroom shaped cockhead enter the waiting boy. Deeper and deeper he thrust his meat into his body. He pushed himself so deep into the basketball player that his pubic hair matted from the juices oozing from the fucked boy.

In. Out. Deeper. Harder. Newman fucked the boy. He reached around and grabbed the boy's jock covered, hard-

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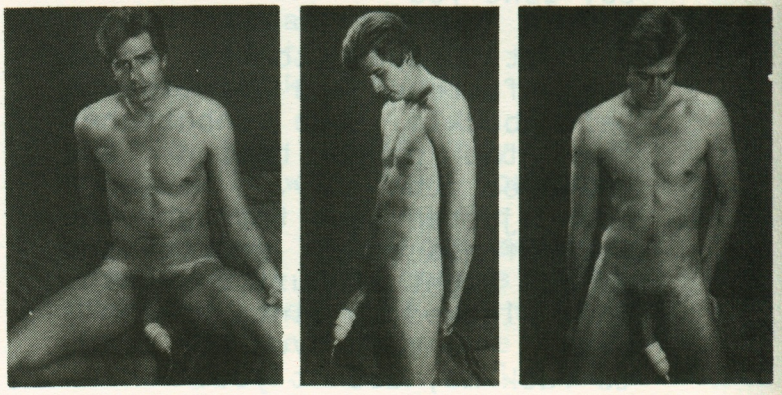

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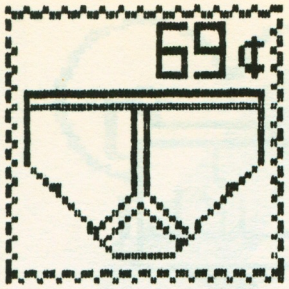
throbbing, cock. The pouch was wet as he reached for the waistband. He stretched it over Curt5's red hot prick and pulled it down his legs. He grabbed Curt's rod and jacked it off as he fucked the boy.

Curt loved the feeling of a big cock up his ass. He never had suck deep physical feeling before. He was afraid he was going to be sick when the initial pain was nearly more than he could tade. But, now his cock was rock hard as he felt Newman jacking him. The cock up his ass made him feel whole, worthwile, even neccessary. He wanted to feel the cock explode.

"Here it comes, kid!!!" Newman screamed as he thrust deep into Curt. He shot his white hot fuck juice in volley after volley into him. Curt was also about to shoot.

Newman, exhausted, lay over the freshly fucked teen butt. He arched up and dropped to his knees. He twisted the boy around. Curt's cock was directed to Newman's face. It erupted! Gush! Splat! Gush! Splat! The cum shot from the boy's cock. The warm teen jizz arched and landed on Newman's face. Newman drew the athlete closer and sucked on his cock until every drop had left the boy's balls.

As they dressed the principal told Curt, "I'll be watching your grades. If I just think you need any more encouragement, you'll get more of the same." The End



MAIL POUCH

Dear Jockey Club:
I went ape-shit over your magazine. But, why is it written with a dot matrix printer instead of letter quality? What computers do you use?

T.S., Chicago

Dear T.S.:
Jockey Club ordered a letter quality printer, a PRIMAGES Inc., printer. But, when shipment was delayed we decided to go ahead and print the magazine anyhow. I hope you find this copy better. The printer arrived a few days after the first issue was printed. We use an Osborne in conjunction with the printer. We use Commodore 64 computers for our graphics and and mail lists. We are purchasing an AT&T 6300 plus for maintaining our books and mailing lists in a few months.

Dear Jockey Club:
Where are my videos? I ordered several from you and haven't received them. It has been over two weeks.

D.H., Atlanta

Dear D.H.:
Thanks for your letter. Your tapes were shipped the day after your check cleared the bank. It takes ten days for personal checks to clear. The fastest way to order is by using our 800 numbers and your credit card. Some video orders were held up during the period when our roof collapsed. but, all orders in-house have been shipped. Thanks for you inquiry.

Dear Jockey Club:
More Jockstrap Photos, please! Jocks turn me on. I don't care for briefs so please print more pictures of hunky guys in jockstraps!

P.R., Tampa

Dear P.R.:
Please read the next letter.

Dear Jockey Club:
Got your premier issue. It is terrific. How about more shots of guys in briefs. I thought Brief Lovers was the best photo layout I've ever seen. More brief shots! Jockstraps don't turn me on. For guys into jocks there are plenty of other regular magazines so please stick only to briefs in The Jockey Club.

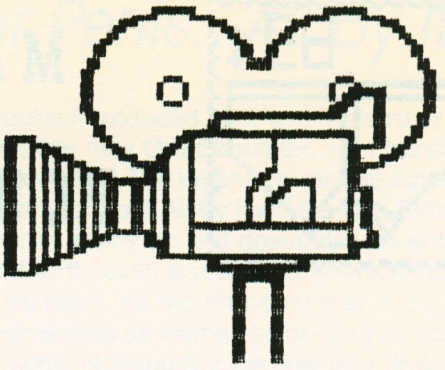
BRIEF HUMOR

Store clerk: "Shopping Bag?"
Patron: "No, just looking."

Jim is at the beach wearing baggy boxer style swim trunks. He watches as everybody swoons over the bikini-clad lifeguard. Feeling rejected, Jim approaches the lifeguard for advice on making himself more appealing. The lifeguard tells him to go to a sports store and purchase a tiny bikini and then to go to the grocery store and buy a large potato and wear it in the bikini. The next day the lifeguard sees Jim approaching wearing a bikini. But, everybody on the beach is running away from Jim in panic. When Jim gets to the lifeguard with the beach deserted, the lifeguard looks at Jim and says, "Jim, I forgot to tell you, the potato goes in the front."

Film and Video Reviews

By David White



Nothing turns me off faster than to see a scene in a video where the actors skin off their Levis to reveal nothing underneath. Apparently, the early film makers were unaware of the large population of gear lovers. But, fortunately, William Higgins caught-on and so did Matt Sterling and John Summers. I have been content with their works until I was given copies of **MANCO STUDIO'S** volume six. This two hour video has something for everybody into any kind of undergear. Now, first let me explain that MANCO provides photos to Jockey Club Magazine so you might expect me to be so complimentary about their videos that you may need a shot of insulin to offset the sugar one would expect me to write. But, I will be frank and honest.

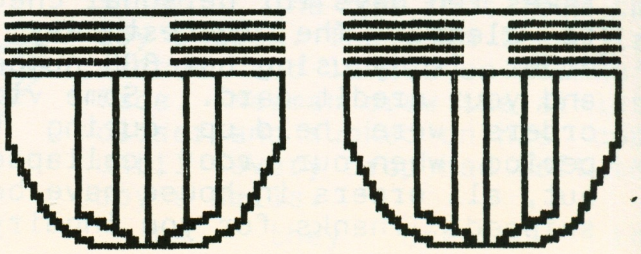
MANCO recently release Video #6. Except for Videos #4 and six the other cassettes are all solo jack-off tapes. They are not your run-of-the-mill sequences. Not at all. In each segment the models play with themselves in all types of gear. My favorite is Mark in volume five. He is an real MARINE and strips from his dress uniform down to white Jockey shorts. Then, he strips from his USMC athletic gear to play with his cock in his jock. He finally blast a load all over his stomach and chest.

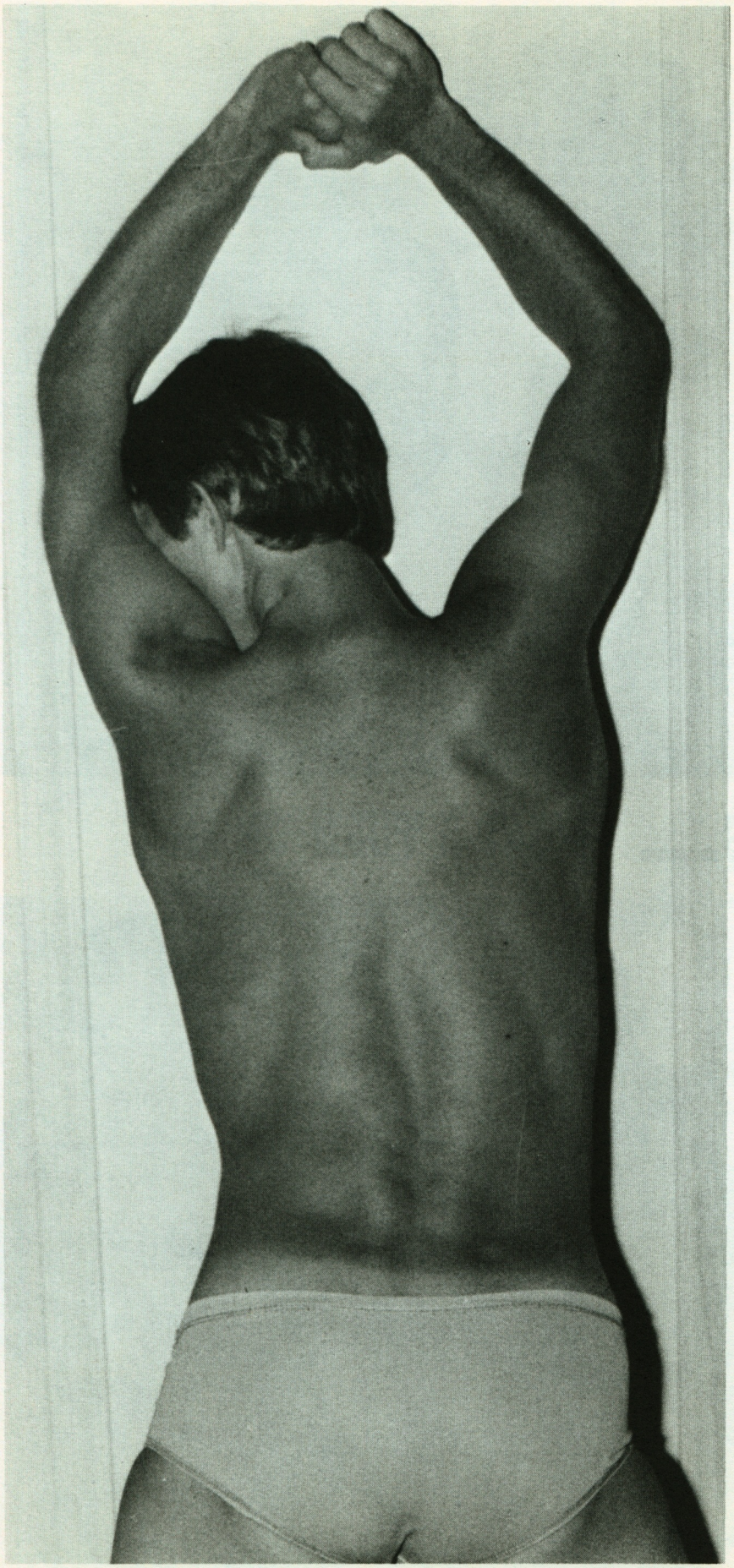
In volume six, Mark is matched with Wes. Wes is a 19 year old dynamo with a tight, hard body and a dick that was never trained to get soft occasionally. Wes and Mark play for a long time with each other through their briefs. The next scene finds them in jockstraps and the last scene they are in jock and towel. Well! The most surprising thing occurs when big hunky gorgeous Marine flips on his stomach to accept Wes' great big cock. Somehow, one would expect to see the Marine doing the hunping. And, when these two cum it looks like a fire hose had been attached to a dairy tank truck.

The second section has Rob and Ray. There is nothing outstanding about the appearance of either of these men with the exception that they are two real-life lovers who make love, for the first time, in front of MANCO's lens. These are not plastic models found in many videos today but, real people sharing life's greatest thrill. Somehow, these are two guys you can reach out and touch.

MANCO videos are considered Homegrown cassettes. Don't expect Matt Sterling or William Higgins production values. But, expect a video made by a studio who is into the erotic value of briefs and jocks and who wants to share it with you.

You'll find MANCO's address in their ad in this issue.

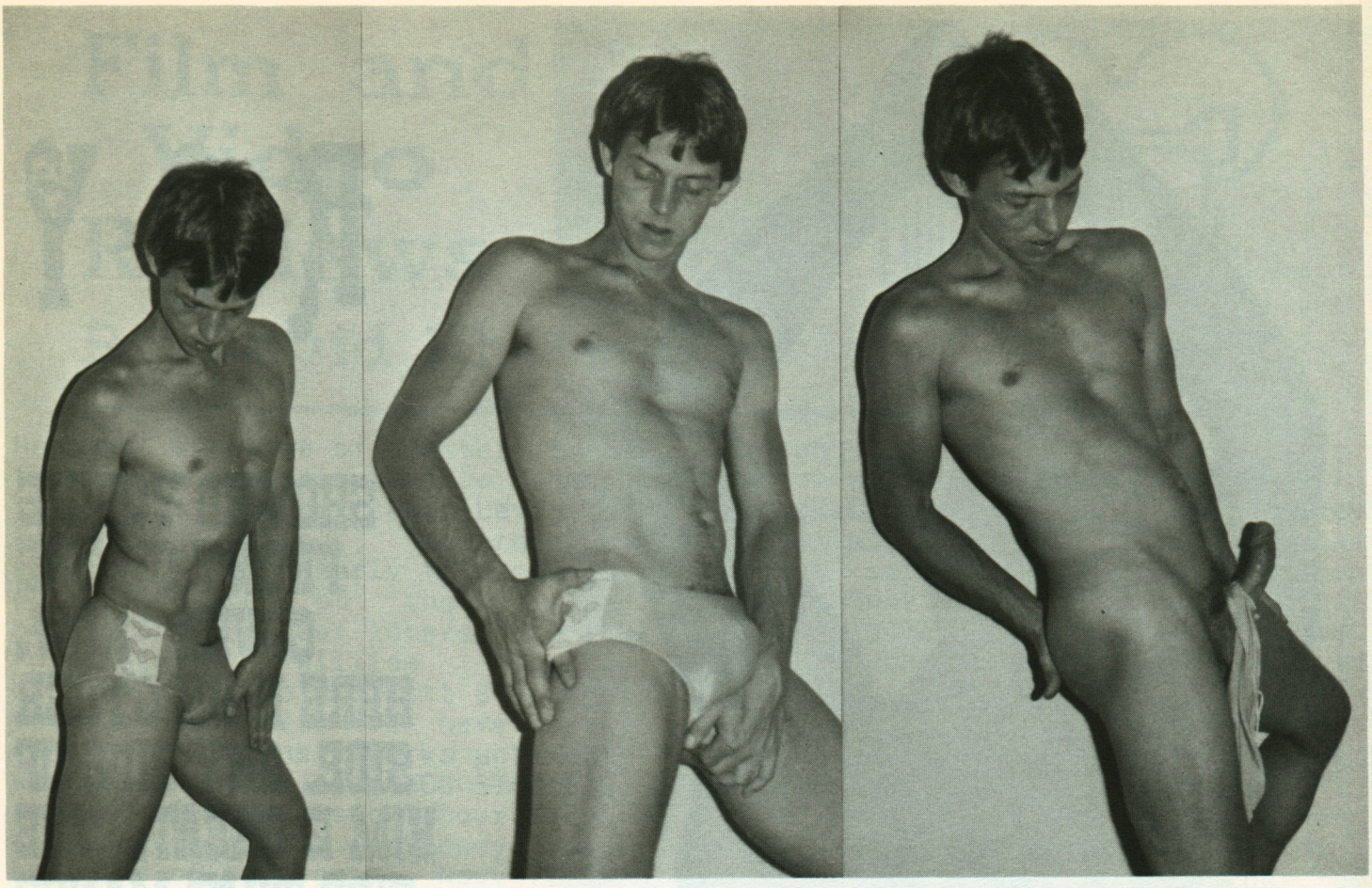




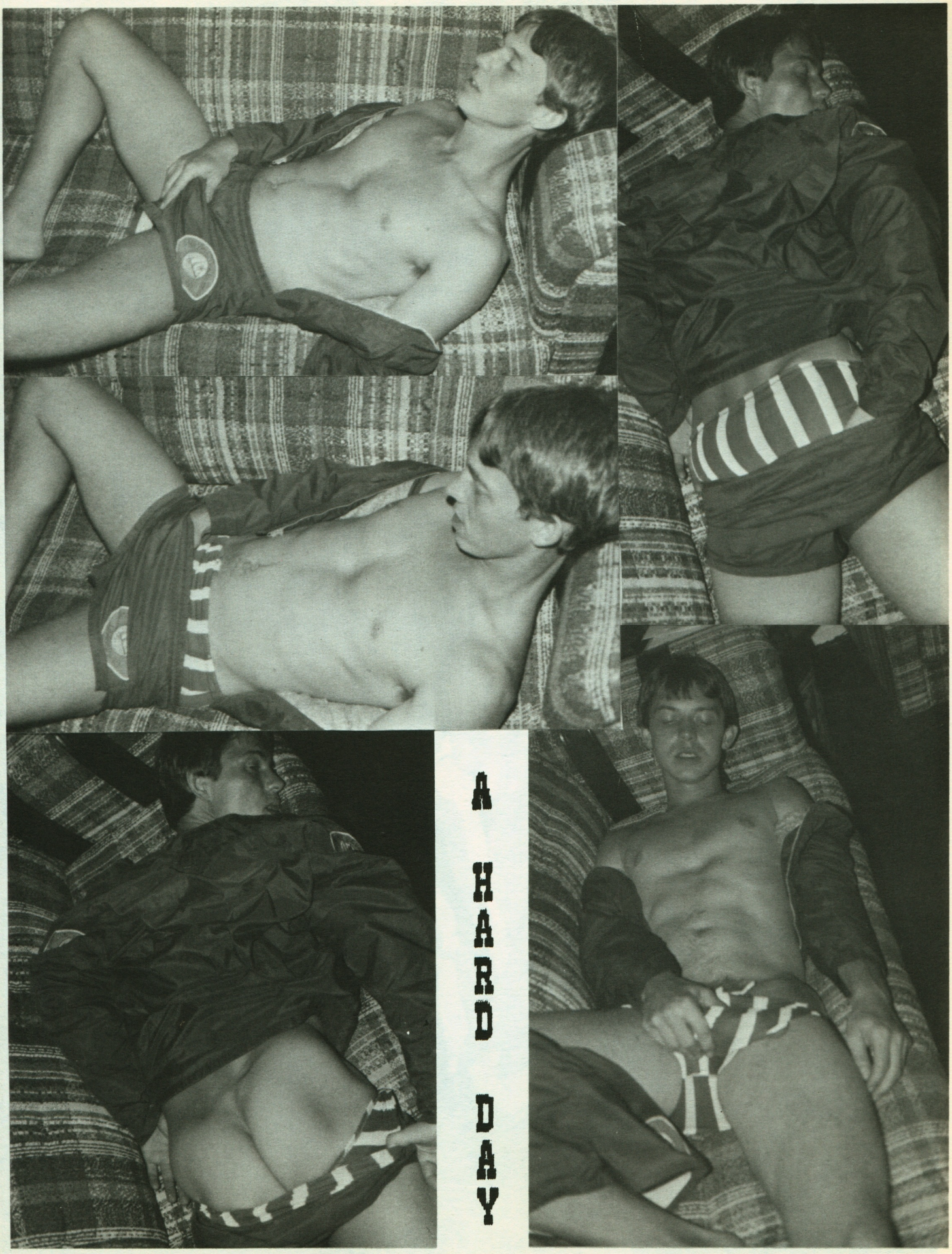
Photos by MANCO

ROY

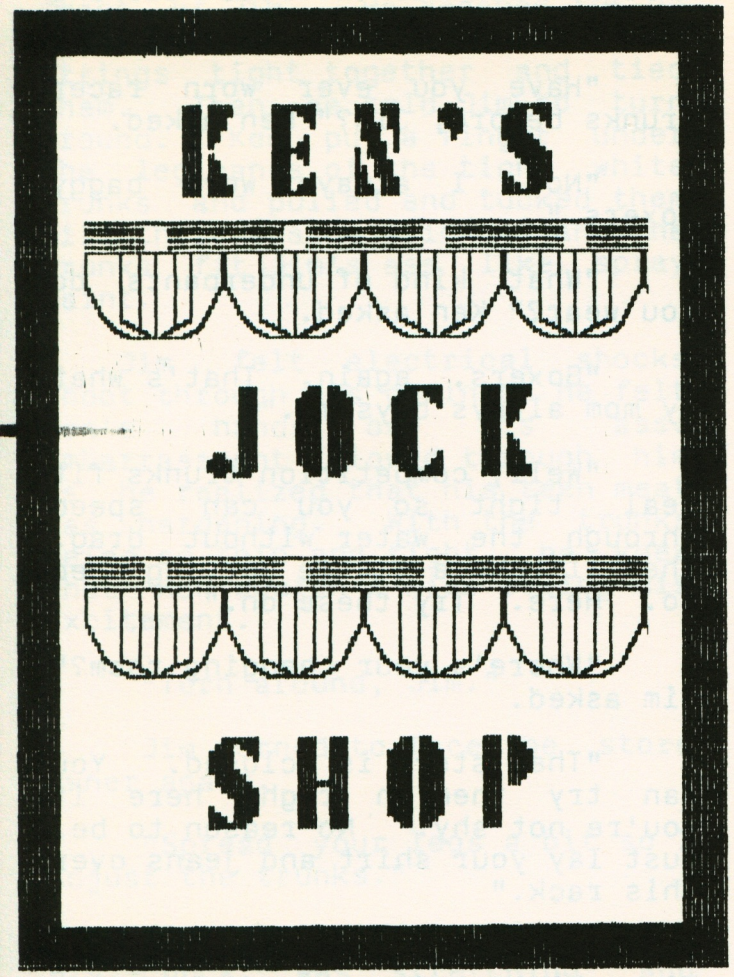
SHOWED YOU HIS FRONT ON THE COVER. NOW, HERE IS HIS OTHER SIDE. ANY SIDE OF HIM IS GREAT. THE SIDE THAT MANCO LIKED MOST WAS THAT HE GOT SUPER TURNED-ON PLAYING IN AND OUT OF SPEEDOS, JOCKS & EVEN A FULL LIFE-GUARD OUTFIT..... WOULDN'T YOU LIKE HIM TO GIVE YOU MOUTH-TO-COCK RESUSCITATION????



SPEEDO MADNESS..... WHAT A TURN-ON !!!!!



A HARD DAY



Jim stood before his full length bedroom mirror. He looked at his reflection. Six feet tall, black curly locks falling over his forehead. A finely chisseled nose, broad shoulders, well defined pecs...the All-American boy. His eyes lowered to his flat stomach and down to his new white cotton briefs. He smiled at himself as he looked at the well defined bulge in the triangular crotch-piece of the skin tight, full-cut Jockey shorts. This was the first time the eighteen year old jock had worn Jockey shorts. His widowed mother had always bought him boxer shorts. He'd always wanted to try Jockey shorts but was too shy to ask her to buy them. But, now he finally had a pair.

Jim had looked at his team mates in the locker room and had seen them in their briefs. They always fit so sleek. He often thought that briefs would feel so sexy against his skin.

His reflection in the mirror seemed to put the teenager in a trance. He felt a stirring in his thighs and groin. Staring directly at his crotch, he watched his young cock begin to stretch and lengthen in the tight cotton stretch material. Jim couldn't resist reaching his hand to his crotch to feel his dick and balls through the briefs. He ran his fingertips over his cock and gave a little squeeze then cupped his balls. He loved the feeling of the pouch lifting his balls. He thought the briefs felt like a hand holding him. Memories of the events that would change him forever began to flood his mind. It had been only a few hours ago, in the late afternoon, that Jim enjoyed his first contact with another man.

Jim was a freshman at the local university. He would not be elegible for varsity football for another year so he'd decided to join the swim team which was open to freshmen. Though he'd never joined his high school swim team, he considered himself a good swimmer.

The late afternoon sun was about to set as he rushed to the sporting goods store. The sign on the door read:

KEN'S JOCK SHOP
Open 10 am - 5 pm
Monday - Saturday

Jim glanced at his watch. It was five minutes after five. He grabbed the door latch but it was locked. The lights were on in the store so he knocked. The blind covering the door quickly raised and Jim saw a man, about 24, with

blond hair looking back at him. The man pointed at the sign and mouthed the words, "We're closed."

Dismayed, Jim tried to get the man's ear but the door was too thick for his voice to clearly heard. The man took a key from his pocket and opened the door a bit.

"Sorry, we closed at 5," the blond said in a friendly, cheerful voice.

"I just need a swim suit. I'm trying out for the swim team at State College tomorrow morning and I need trunks," Jim said.

"Okay, come on in."

The door opened and Jim walked in. The man locked the door behind him and pulled the door-blind back down into place.

"I'm Ken Evans. I used to swim on the team at State a few years ago," the store owner told Jim. "I hope you make the team. What's your name?"

"I'm Jim Andrews. I never swam before on a team but thought I'd give it a try. I need a pair of trunks like the guys on the team wear."

"Slip off your jacket and let me get your waist size."

Ken measured Jim's waist at thirty inches. Jim looked at Ken and remembered seeing him at diving competition a few years ago. As he was being measured a strange feeling came over him. He remembered how Ken looked standing on the tower platform. He'd wore a tight light blue trunks that bulged in the crotch. His blond hair was wet and water was still dripping off his body as he posed for the next dive. Jim and thought Ken was the best looking man he'd ever seen.

"Have you ever worn racer trunks before, Jim?" Ken asked.

"No, I always wore baggy boxers."

"What kind of underpants do you wear?" Ken asked.

"Boxers, again. That's what my mom always buys me."

"Well, competition trunks fit real tight so you can speed through the water without drag. They'll take a little getting used to. Here. Try these on."

"Where's your changing room?" Jim asked.

"The store is closed. You can try them on right here if you're not shy. No reason to be. Just lay your shirt and jeans over this rack."

Jim reluctantly stripped off his shirt and unzipped his Lee jeans. He stood before Ken in a pair of printed boxer shorts. He turned his back to Ken and quickly shucked down the boxer underpants and pulled up the tight elastic Speedo brand trunks. They were solid white. The thin material clung to his body like a second skin. He turned to face Ken again.

"Wow! Those look great on you, Jim. You need to adjust them a bit for a perfect fit. A swimmer's appearance is very important. When you're standing on the starting block you want to look your very best in order to intimidate your opponents. You won't have any trouble in that area. Here, let me adjust these for you."

Ken dropped to his knees in front of Jim. He reached inside of the waist band and pulled the strings tight together and tied them. Then he told Jim to turn around. Ken put a finger under the leg bands of the tight white trunks and pulled and tucked them till there was no wrinkles and the trunks fit Jim's ass like spray paint.

Jim felt electrical shocks shoot through his groin as he felt Ken's hands on his ass. Embarrassment flowed through him as he realized that his teen meat was hardening. With the trunks being so thin and tight, he knew that Ken couldn't miss seeing his excitement.

"Turn around, Jim."

Jim turned to face the store owner again.

"Spread your legs a bit so I adjust the trunks."

Jim spread his legs a bit. His cock was stretching and growing harder. He looked down and watched as Ken run his fingertips under the leg openings, pulling what little excess material there was, toward his hips. Once the trunks were perfectly smooth, Ken stared at Jim's cock-bulge.

"Looks like your cock likes the feel of these trunks. You are really filling them out." Ken saw Jim's face turning red. "Don't be embarrassed with me, Jim. You look terrific. I wish I looked as handsome and sexy as you do."

This was the first time anybody had ever complimented Jim on his body. He was flattered and for some reason, he felt comfortable with Ken.

"It's natural for a guy to get hard when another person is adjusting his trunks. Just natural. Look at yourself in the mirror and see how great you look."

Jim looked straight ahead into the mirror. The tight white Speedos were packed with his cock and balls. The material was so tight he could make out the outline of head of his cut cock and the outline of each of his balls.

"Boy! These sure show everything I got, don't they?" Jim asked.

"Sure do. You look terrific." Ken, still on his knees between Jim and the mirror, reached for the crotch of the trunks. "The trunks should fit tightest right here, under your balls. Gives good support." Ken's fingers gently lifed Jim's balls through the thin latex. The touch of his fingers made Jim's cock jump and stretch to it's fullest erected state. Suddenly he felt Ken's hands take hold of the outline of his cock and move it to the straight up position in the trunks. His cock was so hard it pushed the waistband two inches away from his body.

"You should always check to be sure that when you got a full hard on, like you do now, that new trunks will still cover the head of your cock. How do you like the feel of these trunks, Jim?"

"They feel great. But, I may as well be naked for all the covering these trunks give me. Are you sure these are the right size?"

"Sure, they fit like a glove. Especially down here, under your balls."

Ken again cupped Jim's ball pouch through the latex which caused a shudder to jerk through the young swimmer's body. As he looked down he became embarassed again. A tiny wet spot had appeared on the trunks where his healthy young cock pressed through the material the furthest.

"You're not just hard, Jim. You're hot! No wonder, though. These balls of yours feels liked they're packed with cum. Really packed full. You need this hard rod taken care of."

"I can't help it, Ken. I'm trying but I can't help it. I'm sorry I messed up these trunks." Jim said.

"Don't worry about it. As I said you look great. These trunks are so tight I can even see your piss slit where you've oozed a little pre-cum juice. Hell, I'm getting so hard just looking at it I think I'm gonna split out my briefs," admitted Ken.

Jim stood with his legs apart while Ken continued to stare at the tight swim trunks. Ken stood up. His white slacks bulged with hard cock. Jim couldn't take his eyes off of Ken's bulge.

"Ken, what kind of underwear do you wear?" Jim shyly asked.

"Here, I'll show you." Ken reached down and groped his hard cock through the white slacks then opened his trousers and let them drop to the floor and then stepped out of them. He wore full cut Jockey Briefs. His cock was so hard that it stretched the material far from his waist and raised the pouch holding his balls so far up that Jim could see some of his blond pubic hair through the leg openings. Ken also had a wet spot at his cockhead.

"Wow! You're as horny as I am." Jim uttered. He couldn't take his eyes off of Ken's cock.

Ken reached over and cupped Jim's balls again. "These balls feel like they're gonna explode, Jim. Feels like they're jammed with a monthful of jizz."

Ken moved directly in front of Jim. Their latex and cotton covered cocktips touched right at the wet spots. Electrical shocks went through both males.

"Ken, I don't know what's happening. I've never been so hot before."

"Don't worry about it. Just enjoy this, Jim. Now, I want to really check out your trunks." Ken whispered to him.

Again, Ken dropped to his knees. Jim looked down to see Ken's tongue slip out between his lips and move slowly to his skin tight white tunks. Ken licked at the latex covered balls. Slowly pulling one then the other into his mouth soaking the material. Jim groaned in pleasure. After Ken had thoroughly soaked Jim's crotch he began working his tongue up Jim's cock.

"Lay down, Jim. On your back in front of the mirror. Yes, that's it. I love your cock in these trunks. I want to suck your young juices right through them," Ken mumbled.

The hot talk turned Jim on all the more. He had never had this kind of attention before and he knew he wanted more of it. His mind was clouded with lust. He wanted to do the same thing to Ken that Ken was doing to him. He wanted to feel Ken's cotton

covered cock. He wanted to see what it felt like to hold another man's dick in his hand. He wanted to know the taste of cum in his mouth. He was hot. Hotter than he'd ever been in in young life.

Ken worked his mouth to Jim's latex covered piss slit and began to suck the pre-cum juice right through the stretched material. Using his left hand to caress the swim trunk covered balls, he sucked and jacked the cock with his lips. Jim was to the breaking point.

"Straddle my chest, Jim. I want you to rub your crotch all over my face till you shoot off. Please, Jim. Please."

Ken lay back on the floor and Jim straddled his face by sitting on his chest. Ken lifed his face as Jim shoved his rock-hard cock all over ken's face and began to face-fuck him with his latex covered cock. Suddenly, Jim's cockhead burst free from the waistband of the tight swimtrunks and began smearing gobs of pre-cum all over Ken's face. Within a second or two Jim let out a sigh and his hot young cum blasted from his balls. Jim felt his jizz build at the base of his cock and travel quickly up the length of his dick to his piss slit and began squirting all over the hunky store owner's face and open mouth. Jim's body quaked as squirt after hot squirt shot out of him. He cried out with each gush of teen cum. Ken's mouth was opened wide trying to catch each wave but there was no way to control the orgasming cock so the white hot jizz shot all over his face. It was in his hair, eyes, cheeks and mouth. One large gob shot directly into his mouth. Finally, Ken captured the orgasming cockhead in his mouth and sucked the last few drops of precious boy cum.

When Ken released the softening cockhead from his mouth, he looked directly into Jim's eyes. Jim looked down at him and said, "My turn, now."

Jim turned around on Ken's prone body and grabbed at the pulsating cock in Ken's tight white cotton Jockey shorts.

He looked at the tight white briefs and the way the cock gave a torture test to the material. The cockhead was gooey through the cotton. The warm sticky fluid filled Ken's hand. Closer and closer his face went to the spot where Ken's cockhead was oozing juice. Jim opened his mouth and slowly, took the cotton covered dick into his mouth. The flavor of the pre-spunk juices was greeted by his tongue with pleasure. The consistency was strange but welcomed.

"Let me shoot in your mouth through my shorts, Jim, please. Suck me off, stud. Make me cum real hard. Yea! That's it. Squeeze my balls...Oh, Jim...You are great. What a fucking hot stud!"

Jim went wild sucking his first cock. The mixture of his saliva and Ken's pre-cum juices soaked the material making the prisoned cock clearly visible.

"I'm commin' Jim.... Take it, Jim... Take my load."

Jim locked his lips over the cockhead as Ken screamed out in ecstacy. Strained cock cream gushed through the soaked material and into Jim's eager mouth. Bolt after bolt filled his virgin mouth until it was running down the sides of his cheeks. Jim feel in love with the taste instantly. He sucked in every drop Ken could

muster. Finally, Ken's cries faded and he collapsed in complete sexual exhaustion.

Neither of them spoke as they dressed. When Jim was ready to leave Ken said, "You're wonderful, kid. Here, I want you to have these." Ken picked out three pair of swim trunks and six pairs of Jockey briefs. "Stop by, soon. I want to see you again."

"Me too," Jim said, "real soon."

Jim stood in front of his mirror admiring himself in his new tight Jockey briefs. He was so entranced in his vision that he didn't even hear Jamie, his buddy, open his bedroom door.

"I thought you were a boxer shorts man!" Jamie said.

Shocked, Jim spun around and looked at his smiling friend. "I didn't know you were there!"

"That's apparent. Looks to me like you getting turned on in your jockeys," Jamie said teasingly.

He walked into the room and sat down on Jim's bed. "Looks like those Jockeys were made for you," Jamie said. He looked on bed and picked up the stack of briefs and swim trunks. He picked up the pair of white ones that jim had tried on at the sports store. "Look at these, Jim. They look like you shot off in them. How did they get so stained?"

Jim turned red, again. Jamie had been his best friend for several years. As he looked into Jamie's face he felt the same strange feeling of attraction come over him again that he felt with Ken. He sat down on the bed beside of his buddy.

"I guess I got a little carried away when I tried those on. I've never worn anything so tight and sexy as those are, Jamie."

"Can I try on these light blue ones? Can I?" Jamie asked.

"Sure...go ahead."

Jim watched as his brown haired, brown eyed football buddy stood and skinned his tee shirt over his head revealing a hard, well-defined chest. His pecs were firm and his body tapered to the V of of 28 inches of waist. The white elastic waistband with black and red trim of his Hanes briefs rode above the waist of his jeans. Jim's eyes were locked onto the button and zipper of Jamie's pants as he opened them and skinned them down. He kicked off his shoes and stood up wearing just his tight Hanes briefs and white sox.

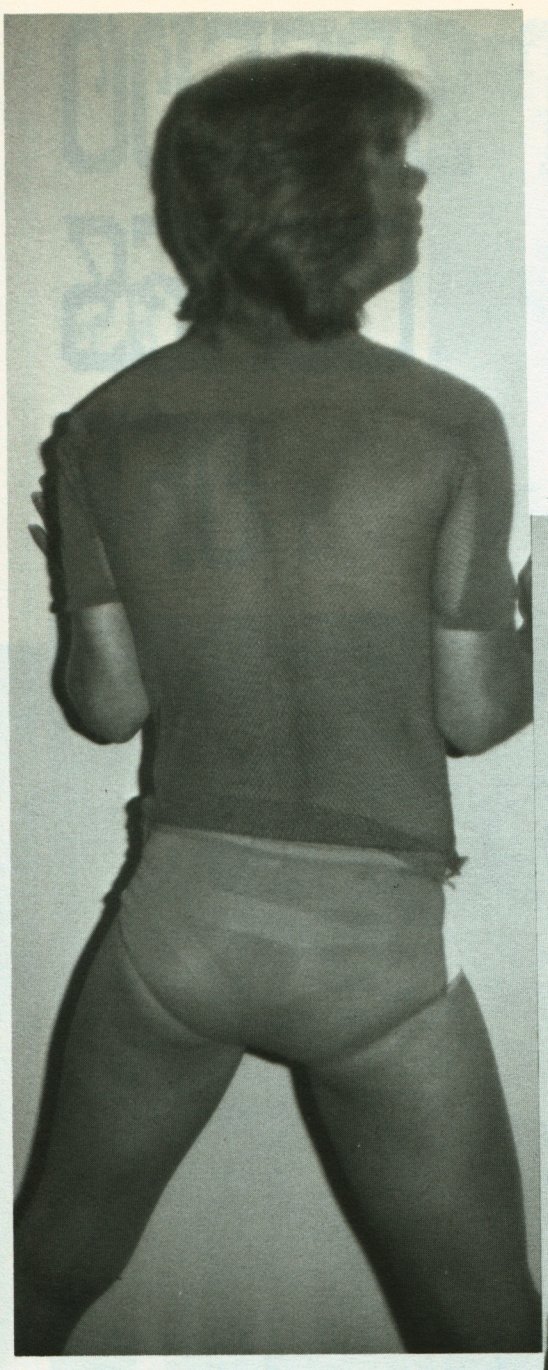
Jamie saw Jim staring at his packed crotch. He looked at his own pouch and realized that his cock was about half erect from watching his buddy pose before the mirror. He turned his back to Jim as he skinned down his briefs revealing his bubblebutt to Jim.

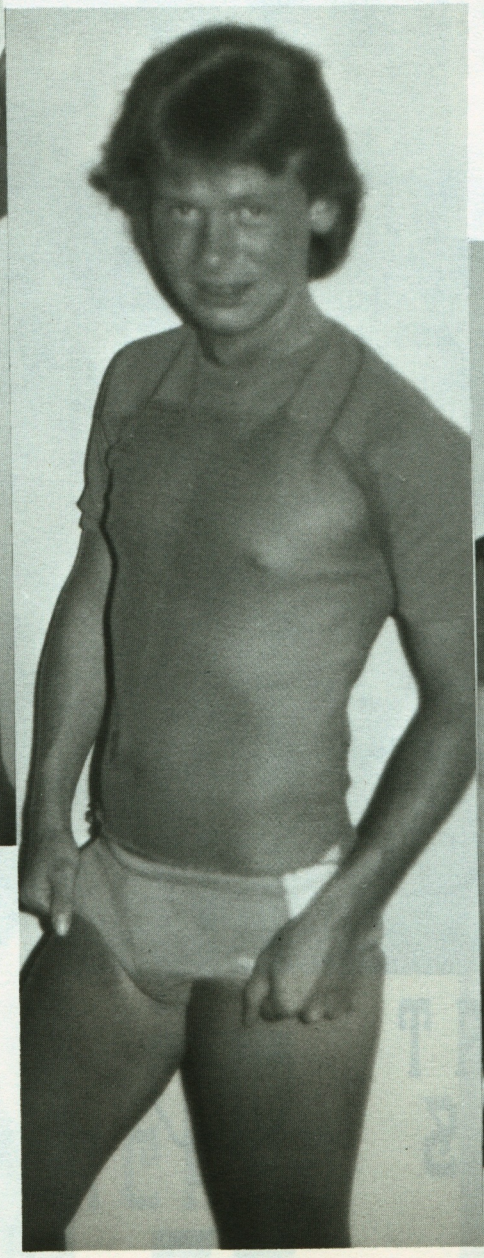
Jim watched Jamie push down the briefs and pull up the nylon trunks. When they were in place he turned around facing Jim. The light blue nylon stretched over his hard cock. Jamie reached into the trunks and pulled his cock straight up in them and snapped the elastic waistband back into place. He turned to Jim's mirror and looked at himself.

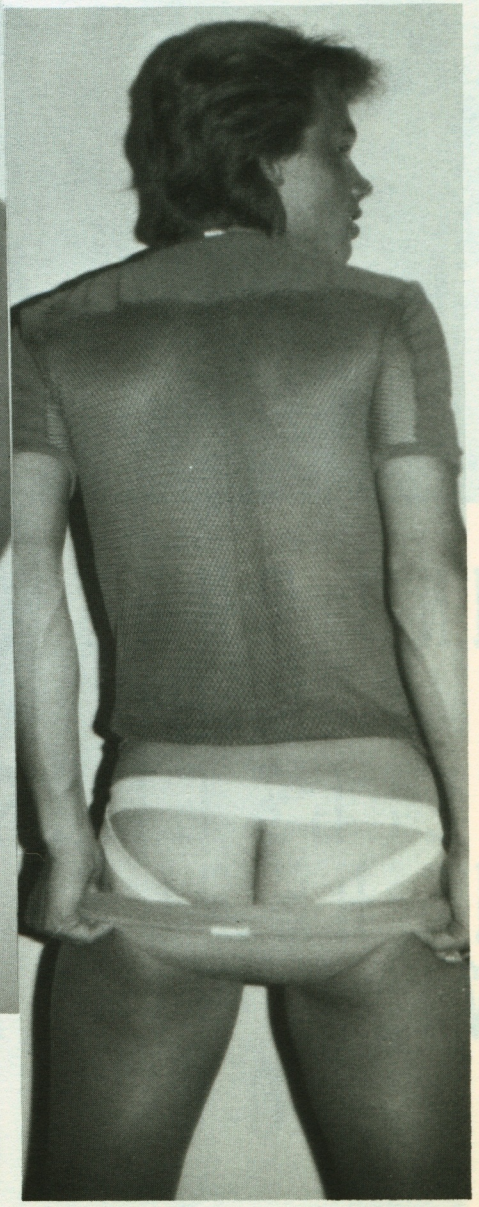
"Wow! Jim, these fuckers really show off my cock. Look how big it looks in them. These feel so good."

Continued on page 33

MIKE JR



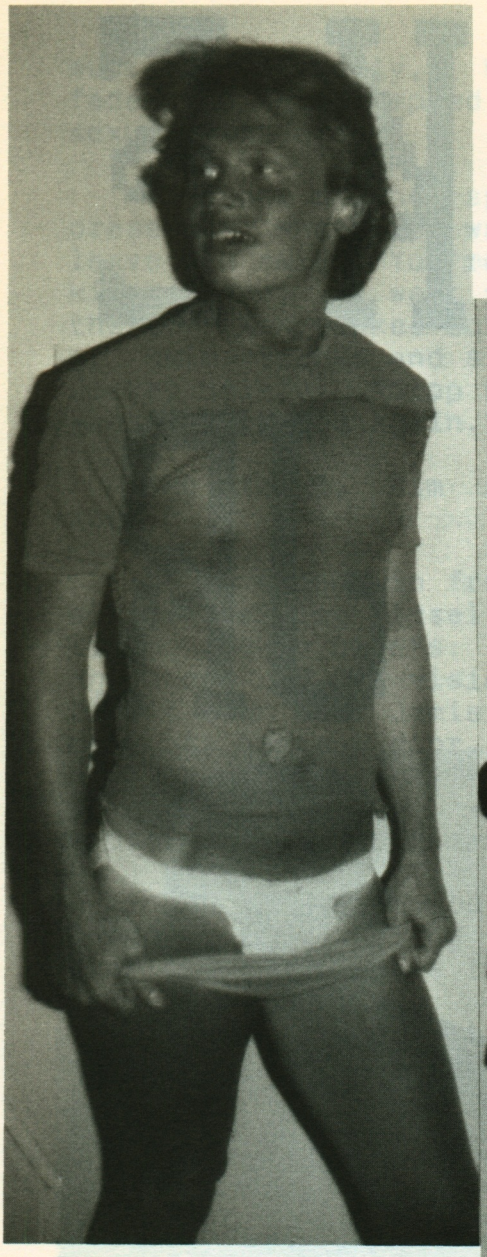


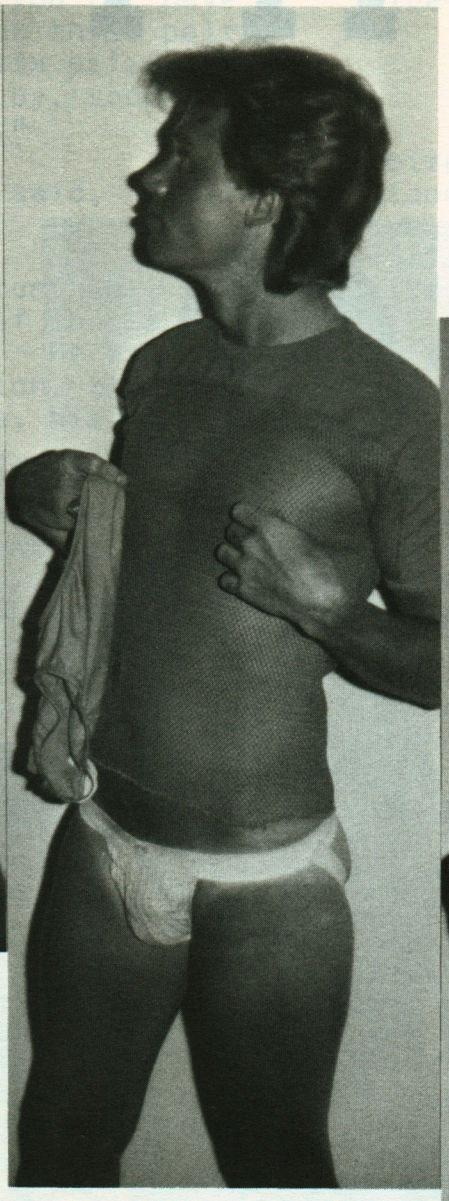


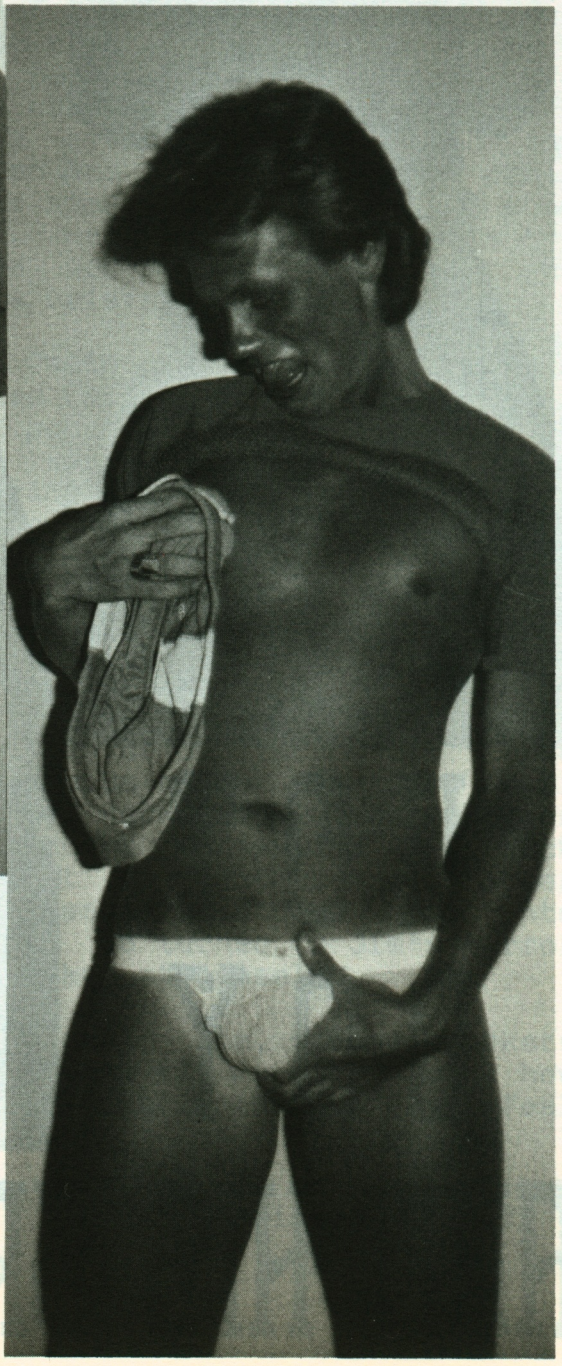
HOT BOY AND HIS SPEEDOS

Photos by MANCO

HIS HOT SPEEDO COMES OFF



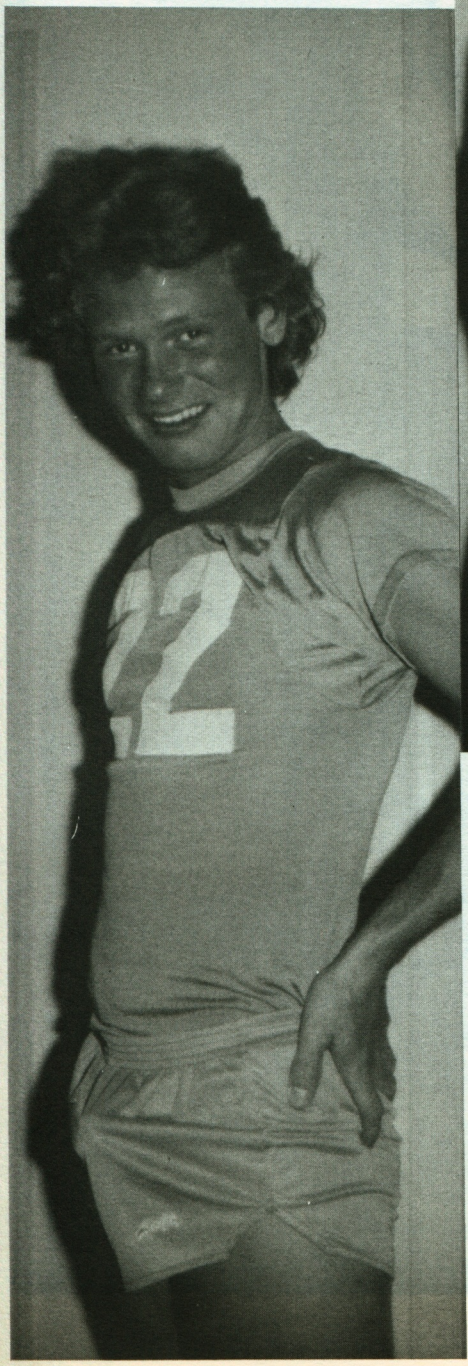




AND THAT NYLON FEELS GREAT AS HE PLAYS WITH HIS...

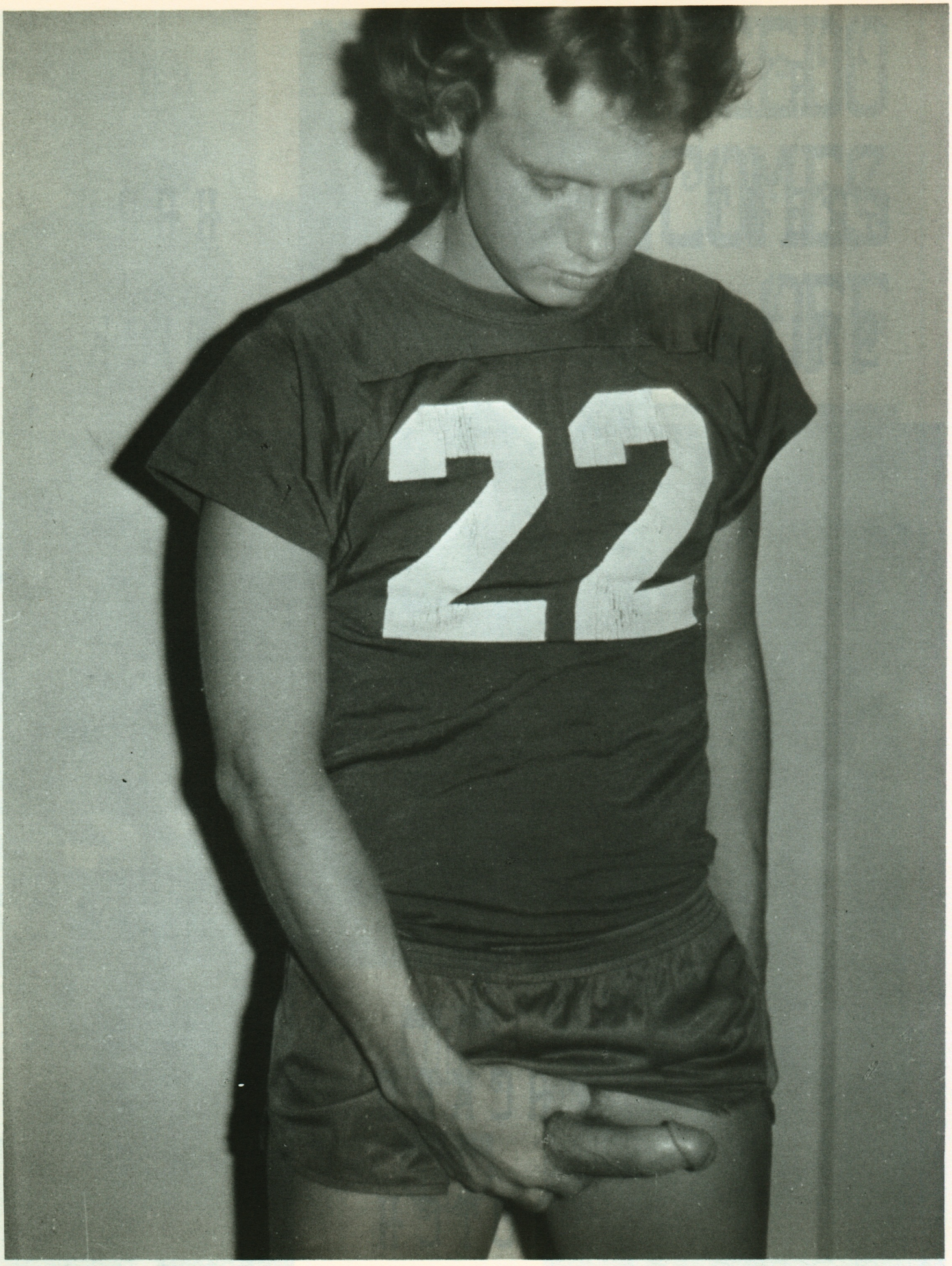
JOCK

A GREAT SMILE



A HARD DICK

A PACKED CROTCH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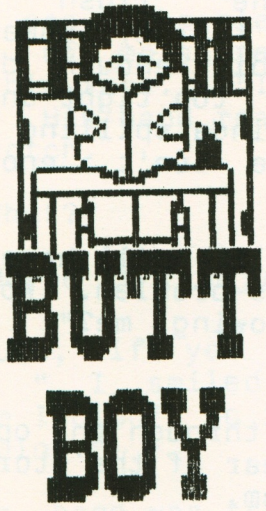
THE JOCKEY CLUB'S PAPERBACK REVIEWS



REVIEWED BY - DAVID WHITE

TITLE- BUTT BOY!
AUTHOR- DAMON MARTIN
PUBLISHER- SURREY HOUSE, INC.

ADDRESS-6314 RIVERDALE STREET
SAN DIEGO, CA 92120

CATALOG ORDERING NUMBER-MH472

Butt boy! Is the story of a boy's self discovery...Well, that's what the book's 'forward' states. It's actually one of the hottest paperbacks this reviewer ever read.

Things happen to young Cal that happened in all of our youths. The book will bring back lots of memories. One scene takes place during a camping trip.

Rex Richmond is paired up with Cal to share a pup tent. Lying side by side on top of their sleeping bags in only their tee shirts and tight white cotton briefs, they were no more than two inches apart.

Cal recalls,"I lay on my back with my eyes closed, listening to the crickets and the lapping of the water along the lake shore. I could hear Rex's regular breathing. Its rhythm told me he was not asleep. Tired as I was from hiking, I felt wakeful.

...After a bit his body shifted as if in restless sleep and his thigh pressed against mine. I did not move away. A minute later, one of his hands slid from his chest to the point where our hips touched and lay there lightly. I could feel its warmth through the cotton of my jockeys.

My cock rose up like an aroused rooster. Although my eyes were closed, I knew that the moonlight coming through the flaps of the tent, would make its hard outline show plainly through the whiteness of my shorts.

Rex's hand moved half an inch and turned so that its palm was toward my groin.

I thought if he feels better playing it this way, let's play it this way.'

I slowly rolled onto my side, facing him, until my cock was pressed against his cupped hand. The hand did not pull away. After a long moment I felt his fingers begin to slide along my shaft, gently feeling and testing the outline of my rod through the cotton of my shorts.

I nudged my hips foward and sighed,"mmm."

His grip became firmer, less tentative.

Then, for a long while, I did not move, content to enjoy the subtle titillation of his fingers as they examined every inch of my for over and over through the cloth.

Finally I opened my eyes. Our faces were only inches apart. Rex's eyes were open, too. He made a motion to pull his hand away, but when I shoved my cock firmly against it, the hand stayed in place.

...I glanced along his brief clad body and said,"You've got a hard-on too."

..."Yeah, I get horny sometimes."

"What do you do when you get horny.

"With guys you mean?"

"Yeah, two guys can have a lot of fun...like fucking and sucking."

"Show me..."

Of course Cal teaches Rex cocksucking and ass fucking.

In another scene, Cal returns a jockstrap that didn't fit.

...The store was not air conditioned. The atmosphere was humid. I took off my raincoat as I entered. The store was empty except for the single clerk standing behind the dusty counter. I said with a slight stammer.

"What's the matter with it?"

"It doesn't fit."

He shook his head impatiently. "Oh, yeah, I remember you." He scratched his head. "But it's gotta fit. We measured your waist size."

"The waist is fine," I said, "but it doesn't fit, uh, down there."

"What do you mean it doesn't fit?"

"Down there," I said again, feeling the flush of embarrassment fill my cheeks. " It's not big enough down there. It's too tight and I keep, uh, kinda spilling out because there isn't enough room."

"I see. Well, we'll have to look into this problem. Would you mind showing me?" The clerk asked.

He led me through an open door at the rear of the store. A dim stockroom.

The stockroom was a place of grey shadows. The only light came from the sky light.

The clerk's eyes were the brightest objects in the dimness.

I said, "I should show you the problem now?"

"Yes."

I kicked my scuffed loafers off my bare feet. I unbuckled my belt and opened my fly, and with a single motion slid my jeans and jockeys down to my ankles. I pulled the jock strap out of the box and stepped into it. As I tugged it up about my loins, I said,"See, it fits at the waist but, well see?"

My crotch was a comic picture. One ball had slipped outside of the jock's pouch. The curving loop of my rod held the elasticized material far out from my body, threatening to overflow its

bounds at any moment. The pressure pulled the waistband down and out from my belly.

"See," I said,"it just doesn't fit at all."

A ponderous roll of thunder filled the damp air.

"I see," the clerk said. A sheen of moisture had come over his face. "I see. May I..." His hand reached toward my crotch.

"What?"

"Maybe if I adjusted it."

"Sure, if you think you can. " I smiled at him. "Maybe I didn't do it right or something."

His hand was trembling, I noticed. A wave of pride close to arrogance swept over me. I was turning the guy on in a big way.

His hands slid inside the waistband, grasped my cock and grazed my balls.
The thunder boomed again.

"See," I said. "It just doesn't seem to fit.

"uh-huh."

"But, maybe if you can show me how to adjust it."

He tried. God knows, he tried. Sweaty faced, he crouched in front of me and began to shove my cock back and forth inside the pouch. When-ever he would slide the pliant shaft to the left, part of it would slip out of the right side of the jock. Then he'd shift it to the right, and my nuts would squeeze outside to the left.

I leaned back against a bank of metal shelves. I was enjoying myself. I did not quite understand what was happening but I liked it.

I said, "I guess it's just not fitting, heh?"

He slid his hand out from inside the jockstrap pouch. I had been trying to keep my cock from getting fully hard, but it was a losing battle.

"Damn!" The clerk said.

The head of my cock slipped above the stretched-out waistband and a thick segment of the swelling shaft followed. The clerk moistened his lips with a nervous pink tongue. "See," I said, "It's bad enough when it's soft, but when this happens..."
"Yeah," the clerk mumbled.

"Well, then there's no use." I slid the jock strap down my legs. My cock was full hard. Long and thick and shiny-hard, it jutted up from between my legs like a tree trunk. The crouching, sweaty clerk smiled a weak smile. I thrust my hips forward so that my cock and balls swayed far out from the flat planes of my body. "...It needs something to make it relax," I said.
Why don't you put your mouth on it ...go ahead....don't be afraid." He bent forward. Damp breath. Hot lips. Warm tongue. They all welcomed my cock into his mouth. "Yes," I said, "that's it." He grunted. "That's it...suck my cock."

I stuffed my dick far down his convulsing throat and shot, feeling wave after wave of hot cum travel the length of my cock to spew down his

gullet....

"Butt boy" has more hot jock and brief scenes than most other paperbacks. In the last scene mentioned above, Cal can't get enough of the clerk's mouth and gives him yet another load. Try to get this paperback!!!

The End

KEN'S JOCK SHOP

Continued from page 25

"Yeah! They fit you great." Jim said. He stood and walked beside of Jamie. His cock was rock hard in his briefs and didn't go unnoticed by Jamie who He studied his buddy's hard meat which was making a big tent in the Jockey shorts. Jamie turned to face Jim.

"I'm so hot I just gotta shoot off a load before I stain your new trunks. The way you're stressin' your briefs it looks like you could blast a load too," Jamie said.

The two athletes looked at each other's crotches and then into each other's eyes. They just stared at each other as if they were talking to each other through their eyes in some kind of non verbal language. It was the language of lust, they would later learn.

Jamie made the first move as he grasped Jim by the shoulders and slowly pushed him down onto the bed. He laid down on top of his lifelong buddy and slightly opening his mouth, planted a kiss on him. Jim was overcome with lust as his tongue automatically slipped out of his mouth and into Jamie's. As Jamie's full weight came down on Jim, the two young men felt shock waves of excitment as their cocks touched and then crushed against each other. Their tongues lapped in each other's mouths as their hips began to grind together. with each thrust they felt their crotch covers becoming wet. Jamie seeped clear pre-fuck juice through the nylon only to be absorded by the cotton of Jim's Jockey briefs. Harder and harder they humped against each other. Both gushed natural sexual lubricants that meshed together to form one large wet glob between them. Harder they thrust. Arms intertwined. Tongues in each other's mouths. Cocks hard and ready to squirt a load of rich cream as a sign of love and excitement for each other. Jim moaned first. Then Jamie squealed as the boys pounded more thrusts and then ecstacy racked through their bodies as they burst their dams of containment and blasted volley after volley of creamy white jizz through tight white cotton and light blue nylon. Cries of pleasure were choaked in their throats and muffled by mouths full of foreign tongue. Arms squeezed arms pulling each other closer than two men had ever been before. Squirts of jizz kept filling their cock covers until the last waves of lust flowed through their bodies and out of their throbbing hard teen pricks.

When it was over, Jamie rolled off of Jim and lay close beside of him. They looked at each other's crotches and then their own to see the evidence of their lovemaking. The Jockey briefs Jim wore were soaked throughout the crotch and waistband area. Jamie's Speedo was completely jizm drenched without a dry spot in sight. They looked into each other's eyes. Jamie smiled at Jim and said, "I've been waiting years for this. I want to do everything with you, Jim."

Jim didn't answer. He just leaned over and positioned his hot tongue back into Jamie's mouth.

The End

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